

The History of

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And shewd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.

Prince. O God, they did mee too much iniurie,
That euer said, I hearkned to your death:
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,
Which would haue beene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous potions in the world,
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.

King. Make vpto *Clifton*, Ile to *S. Nicholas Gawsey* Enis.

Enter *Hotspur*.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*?

Prince. Thou speakst, as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

Prince. Why then I see a very valiant Rebelle of that name,
I am the Prince of *Wales*; and thinke not, *Percy*,

To share with mee in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their morion in one Sphære,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of *Wales*.

Hot. Now shall it *Harry*: for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prince. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Crest
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter *Falstaffe*.

Fals. Well said, *Hal*, to it, *Hal*. Nay, you shall finde no Boyes
play heere, I can tell you.

Enter *Douglas*: he fights with *Falstaffe*, he falls downe as
if he were dead, the Prince kills *h* *Percy*.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast robd mee of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast won of mee,
They wound my thoughts worse then the word my flesh:

But

Henry the Fourth

But thought's the slave of life, and
And Time that takes suruey of all th
Must haue a stop. O, I could proph
But that the Earth, and cold hand of
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, thou
And food for

Prince. For Worms, braue *Percy*.
I'll wean'd Ambition: how much
When that this body did containe
A Kingdome for it, was too small
But now two paces of the vilest E
Is roome enough: this earth tha
Beares not alieue so stout a Gentle
If thou wert sensible of courtesie,
I should not make so great a shew
But let my fauours hide thy mangle
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke
For doing these faire rites of rende
Adieu, and take thy praise with the
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in r
But not remembered in thy Epitaph

He spieth *Falstaffe* on

What, old acquaintance, could
Keepe in a little life? poore *Lacke*
I could haue better spar'd a better
O, I should haue a heauy misse of
If I were much in loue with van
Death hath not strooke so faire a
Though many dearer in this blood
Imboweld will I see thee by and
Till them, in blood by noble *Percy*

Falstaffe riseth

Fals. Imboweld? if thou im
leau to powder me, and eate me
time to counterfeit, or that hot
scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I
bee a counterfeit, for hee is bu
hath not the life of a man; but to